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*THE NIHILIST STUDENT.*

—BY—

**GERALD STEWART,**

(Mrs. Mary Lee Berry.)

— . . . —

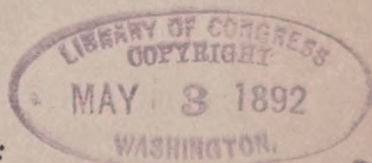
I sat me down to think, perchance to dream,  
And by my thoughts to move a slumb'ring world,  
To view with pity all the wrongs of man.

— . . . —

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BY

*Mary Lee Henry*

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## INDORSEMENT.

St. Louis, March 23, 1892.

I take great pleasure in recommending "Philip Harum, the Nihilist," to the friends of humanity in particular, and the reading public generally. The subject matter of the book is a part of the burning question of the day, and it is treated by the authoress in an exceedingly interesting and instructive manner. The charm of the book is the broad and thoroughly liberal spirit, the love of fellowman, that prevades it; and on this account alone, if for no other, it would deserve a hearty welcome by every one who grieves that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." I feel personally grateful to the gifted authoress for the sympathy she displays in the persecuted Russian Jew. The book does honor to her head and heart.

[SIGNED]

SAMUEL SALE,

Rabbi Shaare Emeth.



FAITHFULLY DEDICATED  
—TO—  
“MY FRIENDS,”  
WHOSE GOOD OPINION WAS MY  
INSPIRATION.  
THE AUTHOR.





## PREFACE.

At the present time the eyes of the whole world seem to be turned towards Russia, her history and romance, her sufferings and her wrongs.

The “Nihilists” by their super human efforts as well as by the slow and measured tread by which they are aiming to ameliorate the condition of their suffering and abused fellow-country men have aroused the sympathy of the civilized world.

The following pages have been written chiefly through an abhorrence of the “Jewish persecutions” in Russia by which the pages of her history have been indelibly stamped with the most fiendish barbarity.

While the names of Sofia Petrovosky, Hartmann, and Romisakoff are given in full and accorded their historical position, they are embellished with some legitimate romance, as is the rest of the story, which is written with a view to probe the erroneous ideas of the nineteenth century and "arouse a slumb'ring world to view with pity all the wrongs of man."

*Mary Lee Seely.*



# PHILIP HARUM,

## THE NIHILIST STUDENT.

### CHAPTER I.

The city of St. Petersburg was astir with revolt, an ominous stillness pervaded the atmosphere; men were rushing to and fro with bated breath as if afraid to give the usual greeting, and general uneasiness prevailed. The Nihilists were becoming bolder every day; already attempts had been made upon the life of the Czar, secret conclaves were known to

be held the most mysterious signs were constantly discovered by the police and divulged by private espionage.

Turkey which had just passed through many serious crises was vanquished in the war, and bankrupt and dismembered was in a terrible condition, while victorious Russia was scarcely better off. The people had been told that if Constantinople fell into the hands of the Russians their success would be insured; nevertheless Constantinople had not fallen nor had one foot of land been gained beyond the Danube, and popular discontent increased by financial depression, by taxes and paper-currency, was beginning to express itself in revolutionary measures. The university students of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kief,



and the assembly of Khartouff demanded a constitution, and were rudely arrested and sent to Siberia. Salonief had shot at the Emperor! who in order to quiet the panic had called Valuief to form a special commission with extra powers to crush these Nihilistic proceedings. In spite of such arbitrary power, revolutionary pamphlets were everywhere circulated. They demanded that the people should be delivered from the espionage of the police, that the press and speech should be free, that professors should be allowed to teach unrestrictedly, and that amnesty should be granted to all political offenders.

To the arbitrary measures of Gen. Miliutin the revolutionary committees called upon the army to respond, saying; ‘Despotism must

fall sooner or later, but the crisis may not come for years, at the cost of many lives ; it therefore depends upon all honorable and thoughtful men in the army to hasten the result.” Gen. Gurki’s order compelled every household to keep a watchman at his door day and night to prevent pasting seditious placards, and the spreading of revolutionary pamphlets. The cities of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kief, Khartouff and Odessa were declared to be in a state of siege, and the police were authorized to expel all persons considered dangerous; thousands of conflagrations causing the loss of millions of rubles were constantly occurring. The life of the Czar was again attempted by the blowing up of the railroad and again by boldly undermining the Winter Palace. Alexander was



publicly declared to be the personification of a cursed despotism and of everything mean and blood-thirsty ; his reign was denounced as a curse from beginning to end, the liberation of the serfs a delusion and a lie. The Nihilistic committees still remained active and loudly called for a constitution. Such, at the beginning of our story was the state of affairs in Russia, and the cause of the general disquietude. The very atmosphere was rife with rebellion and it was almost signing one's 'death warrant' to utter a sentiment in the least equivocal. The sun had set in a threatening sky, and the hearts of the people were shrouded in gloom: The university students were united by a secret bond. Their pass-words and signs were of the most private nature and bound

together the most remote provinces.

Twilight with its sombre shadow had fallen upon the pillars of St. Mark's and as if hiding there to gaze at the passers by, a man of stately bearing clad in a coat of sable was standing behind one of the pillars. The snow was falling fast, no moon, no stars to enliven the night, only the long Russian twilight which lingers until midnight in that northern latitude: Many had already passed but not the right one, and Alexander Lavinsky was getting cold and weary of waiting for the friend he has hoped to meet, when with bent form and agile step, the long-wished-for figure appeared, and Alexander jumped down the steps and grasping the hand of his friend, the pass-words were quickly exchanged. "When did you arrive



from Kief?" was the first question of Philip Harum "and what has brought you here? Have the guardians of liberty impressed you with our dilemma that you have come in the nick of time to our aid?"

"I have just arrived and thought to save time by watching here for you, as I knew you must take this way to the university."

"Well, on to the university, this is no place for conversation: the 'Occults' tell us there are waves of the atmosphere which waft our very thoughts to the uttermost parts of the earth, and that every word spoken reflects its counterpart upon ether to be taken up again and used for or against us! Beware then! Only the pent up walls of our secret assembly must reverberate our words and render

them as safe as if lying dormant in our own bosoms, unless there is a *fourth* dimension which opens the closed walls and renders them as thin air, and permits the 'Elementaries' those mischievous sprites—to carry our secrets to the outside world."

"Of this we as yet know nothing, Philip, and God forbid we should ever be thus given over to the spirits of the air."

"Why, what is the matter with you? Have you been studying 'esoterics.'"

"I think our *sublunary* troubles are at present sufficient; and only strong arms, brave hearts, and gold, sordid gold can help us; the 'Elementaries' can vanish into thin air, the immaterial into vapor. It is the material world we have now at stake; our altars, our fire-sides to



defend, our wives and sweet-hearts to fight for."

"True, Alexander! I am sometimes a dreamer, and just now forgot to ask after my 'cousin Anna.' Your noble example in freeing your serfs as well as others of the nobles had a deal to do with the edict of the Czar. But while it made twenty-three millions of peasants free, it has created disruption among the nobles, the Lords of the land; and without some indemnity they will not be satisfied."

"I know it and feel it to be true."

"Some, like your self, will view it from a sentimental stand-point and be willing to make a sacrifice; but there are always enough selfish souls to retard the progress of civilization."

"How does my cousin bear the change? and is

her patriotism as great as ever?"

"She is the gem of my household, the guiding star of my life; it is she that has filled my heart with patriotic desires: it is she that has kept brightly burning upon our altar the lamps of faith, and hope for our bleeding country; like the Spartan women she has given me my shield and told me 'to return with it or on it.'"

"A brave woman is my noble cousin! may the God of truth and justice save you from the latter fate; but here we are, and you are just in time to hear a spirited discussion. Some papers from Herzen have arrived, no one knows how! and from London he speaks to us and fortifies our views with all his strength and power."



## CHAPTER II.

In a small obscure hall in the university of "Techniques" were already assembled about a dozen of the leading spirits to read and discuss the plausibility of the papers of Herzen the patriotic refugee who had taken up his abode in London. Filled with zeal for his oppressed country, broken hearted over the wrongs of his compatriots, he only escaped the mines of Siberia by flying in time to England's shores ; and there he was using his talents and money in denouncing the autocratic power of the Czar of all the Russias, and proclaiming the feasibility of establishing a liberal constitution, one advocated by every liberal minded citizen and urged by the cultured students of

all the universities. To a man they denounced everything that tended to an autocracy. "The will of the people," was the "sobriquet" by which they were known and a secret union between them and the nobility was suspected. A finer, nobler set of men never assembled, and with united voices though in under tones, they greeted the arrival of Philip Harum and his friend well known to them all as a "noble" of Kief who had taken the initiative step in freeing his serfs. Alexander Lavinski was an enthusiastic theorizer. He excelled in planning, but left the real work to be done by others. He could speak fluently and eloquently; the sound of his voice was more effective than the ideas he advanced. He had the power of convincing himself as well as others, that he was full of the fire of enthusiasm and that he was ready to work for others and be unselfish; but at heart he



was a thorough egotist and could do nothing but project great enterprises; his theories of self-sacrifice and loftiness of soul were seen to be mere words. To his noble wife Anna Lavinski was he indebted for all his qualities social or political; the elevation of her mind, the harmony that existed between her heart and intellect gave her complete control over her apathetic husband, who loved his ease and the luxuries of his beautiful home better than all else save his lovely wife, her sound understanding and great strength of character as well as her contempt for the useless conventionalities of life and her conscientious scruples with regard to holding the serfs as "chattels" influenced him to unite with her in her philanthropic measures.

"True love that bids the patriot rise to  
guard his country's rest,

With deeper, mightier fullness thrills in  
woman's gentle breast."

Ivan Melakof rose to speak a few words of explanation and to enlighten the company as to the situation of their diminished treasury and to give a few statistics of their needs and expenditures. A brave and noble fellow of the university, deeply versed in all that pertains to scholarship, handsome and polished in his bearing, there were none who could espouse the cause of liberty in more eloquent and touching language. His handsome Russian profile glowed with inspiration, and his noble stature over six feet seemed to rise in height as he told the wrongs of his unhappy country, and asked for redress at the hands of every patriot who claimed for himself the "Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; We need, not only hearts of braves, and brains



of Cæsar, but gold, sordid gold that would be worthless without 'liberty.' Already the jewels of our wives are enshrined in the coffer of the money lenders and still we are in need. It takes gold to establish our conclaves, to promote our secret missive that fly around as if by some supernatural agency; it requires money to give power, and power to move success." Alexander Lavinski arose and advancing to the desk laid thereon a casket of jewels. "Here is the offering of my noble wife who has taken a vow to wear no more jewels, to use no more luxuries, until every lacerated heart in Russia is made happy by a ukase of eternal amnesty, and a free constitution." "Be it forever, said she, I will live and die a martyr to political wrongs, and the injustice of the civilized world." Melakof received the casket and laying it on his breast as if to consecrate

it with his heart's aspirations—"noble woman said he, thou art one more of the great army of martyrs!"

"Philip Harum it is your province to take these at once and in the 'Jewish quarter' where you have gone before turn them into rubles; your old friend Isaac Zarinski has the money and loves the jewels which he can sell at double at any time." Thus they parted for the night, Philip to dream of another opportunity that was to take him to the Jewish quarter.



## CHAPTER III.

The morning after the meeting at the university found Philip Harum and Alexander Lavinski trudging through the snow to the house of "Sofia Petrovsky" who was a woman of rank, a daughter of a councillor of the ministry of Domains and grand-daughter of a minister of the Interior under Nicholas I; she was also related to the wife of Alexander Lavinski. They were ushered into her princely dwelling and quietly admitted to her private Boudoir which was a "bijou" of taste and elegance. Here this lovely and charming woman received only her choice friends, members of the "*Vendetta*" to which she herself belonged, and the privacy of which was sealed with

a drop of blood from the arm of each of its members to impress upon them that life and death hung upon a single thread, or like the sword of Damocles upon a hair which if broken was certain death. Even her father and his household were as unsuspecting of her principles as though they never saw her. So wary and wise had grief and sorrow taught her to be. It was cheery and bright in her little parlor; pictures and flowers and lights and the great Russian stove as bright as gold threw a halo of peace and loveliness around its queen the golden haired, blue-eyed beauty "Sofia Petrovsky." The outer semblance was all that the happiest mortal could desire; but beneath the veil, beyond the dazzle of pomp and show there lay a broken heart, a crushed spirit, a frenzied brain. Scarcely beyond the verge of womanhood, "Sofia Petrovsky" had loved and



suffered. "Leonst Inertinski" a prince of the realm had been detected in a nihilistic conspiracy, arrested and sent to Siberia with a band of men and women all of aristocratic birth, after enduring all the ignominy that could be heaped upon them he succumbed to the brutal treatment, as well as Elizabeth Protoski, a girl of eighteen summers who was accused of carrying messages of a nihilistic nature.

They died on their unhappy route and were released from the tortures of a life which was beyond endurance. "Leonst" was the betrothed of Sofia, she begged to be arrested and taken with him; but her time had not yet come; it would have been sweet to her if she could have taken the place of Elizabeth Protoski but she lived only to avenge the cruel death of her lover.

Since his death she never appeared in any color, pure white was her only attire; and now in the depth of winter, clad in a soft Russian cloth she looked the impersonation of innocence and purity and seemed a twin sister of loveliness to the newly fallen snow, which she remarked "was descending like stray flowers from the gardens of Paradise, but alas! when they reach this nether world they will melt away in thin vapor like the blighted hopes of us poor nihilists." Philip Harum was the son of a clergyman of aristocratic origin, remotely related to Sofia and her chosen confidant. "When are you going to the Jewish quarter again Philip."

"I have bestowed all but my last jewel on the holy cause. That, I am reserving for a crisis and I think it is near at hand. I am not superstitious, but I have had a warning,



like the Czar, I have seen my 'Leonst' and he told me in the stillness of the night, to set my house in order, that I would soon be with him. God be praised! I have but one task to perform, to avenge his death, you need not ridicule my vision; did not Nicholas I appear to Alexander and bid him make a speedy restitution for his cruelties and to hasten the freeing of the Serfs or he could not rest in paradise?" Alexander Lavinski and Philip Harum, after bidding Sofia a sombre adieu, parted; the one to hie back to his home in "Kief" to be strengthened in his resolves by his strong and patriotic wife, the other to seek the "Jewish quarter" and exchange the casket of gems for the rubles so much required by the "will of the people."

## CHAPTER IV.

In an out-of-the-way, obscure suburb of the city rested the little quarter of the Hebrews, from three to five hundred families actuated by the same interest and lured here by its utter seclusion from the great city, partaking of neither social, political, nor religious advantages, because deprived of all. They were permitted to live and breathe in their own quarter, as a dog would be allowed the privilege of gnawing the bone thrown to it—if he would simply gnaw the bone and be oblivious to all else besides. The agriculturist, the architect, the poet, the minstrel and the sculptor were found amongst its inmates venerated as being particularly formed by their Creator. Misery



and death were busy within a few miles of this "Hebrew Colony." The sins that convulsed the nation and agitated the multitude were unknown to them, for the seditious or ambitious sought a wide field and would bid an eternal farewell to this peaceful abode. A rocky crag almost all the year covered with snow, with only here and there a little shrub or snow-flower peeping from beneath, the only streams issuing from the mountain to water the vale often frozen, marked the site of their little hamlet and reminded them of that richer and holier land their fathers' sins had forfeited. During the Polish revolution, when the Jews were ordered away and made to settle in Russia—the better to be persecuted—a few families begged to establish their homes near the precincts of a large city, and beneath the shadow of "christian domes" to raise their

little temple to the living God. Through years of persecution and deprivation they plied their enterprise and industries, never fearing that the God of Israel who brought them out of the land of Egypt and the house of bondage would watch over them now. They firmly believed they were the chosen people of God, the belief was their inheritance ; if it were not so how could they have risen through the bigotry and prejudice of eighteen hundred years? for bigotry and prejudice are the only things that reason cannot conquer. Thrift—and its consequence, comfort and independence—was the condition of every family. There were no paupers there, no idle vagabonds, for their prominent proverb “that he who taketh not care of his own household is worse than an infidel,” was ever held up as an incentive to industry ; and the innate feeling transmitted



from generation to generation that the whole world was against them bound them together in a holy brother'hood knowing that the day would come for final restoration. The good "Rabbi Ben Israel" presided over his flock. In the little Temple the "Shekina" rested over the mercy-seat, and here each seventh day found the united people quietly assembled; no labor permitted although they were obliged to close all outward signs of buisness also on the Christian Sunday, depriving them of their legitimate labor; but poor as they might be they strictly kept the Sabbath of their fathers. In one of the prettiest and most luxurious homes dwelt Isaac Zarinski the "money lender," and his beautiful daughter.

Possessed of all the charms of her race Adina Zarinski was a lovely type of Jewish beauty, more than one of the young men

cast longing looks upon the charming Jewess regardless of her father's coffers. Left motherless early in childhood she had become so intertwined in the affections of her father, who with the parental fondness characteristic of his race was devoted to his child. She dwelt alone in their æsthetic home—ever accompanied by her hand-maiden, "Leah"—for not only St. Petersburg but Paris and other large cities were often culled for the benefit of the Jew's daughter. It was well known where to find a sale for "bric-a-brac" as well as jewels. Strange it is but true as strange, that money gravitates to the Jewish race. May it not be that persecuted and maligned, hunted down and driven like frightened sheep from their fold, that the one true and living God has watched over his "chosen people" and to prove to a cruel world



his fostering care has set the mark of success upon his bleeding race?

## CHAPTER V.

After saying farewell to Sofia and Alexander and making an appointment to see her soon again, Philip's trend was towards the "Jewish quarter." He wrapped his furs around him and snugly ensconced in his little Russian Drosky with the snow bells sounding merrily, away he flew past the tall steeples, past the aristocratic avenues, leaving far behind him that pride and pomp which is always found in a great city within a stone's throw of the most squalid poverty and greatest suffering. Soon he drew up in the lowly little lane known as "Ephraim Avenue" and quickly alighted before the door of the money-lender's shop whither he often drifted now both for pleasure and



business. It was no new sight to see "vehicles" from the most aristocratic quarter of St. Petersburg; but to-day seemed busier than usual, and even ladies in velvets, and furs were eagerly waiting to be attended to. "Ah, friend Philip it is you! can you walk up stairs and see my 'Jewel?' you have not been here for a whole week.

"Indeed I will friend Zarinski, I am cold, and tired, and I see no chance for business for some time, so, as I am not in a hurry, I shall wait." Up he flew into the "home apartments" of the "money-lender," having long since acknowledged not only to himself but to Adina that she was the bright particular star in his drama of life. As was her wont he found her with her hand-maiden Leah busy

at their embroidery. With her pure and delicate fingers she wrought all the sacred decorations of their holy temple. Her almost superhuman voice sang the oratorios and those beautiful anthems that the Jewish maidens sang when they "hung their harps on the willows and sat down by the waters of Babylon and wept."

"So long dear Philip, ah, so long since you were here; but I have not had the heart to announce our hopes to my honored father! I know his prejudices, and while he loves and honors you as a friend, I know not how he will feel at our betrothel! Philip, we *must* have his blessing."

"Alas, dearest Adina, why wert thou born a Jewish maid, and I a Christian youth? Rather had we been taught at Allah's shrine,



and when the 'Muezzin' cries the hour of prayer, we together could bow our heads in worship." Time flew by on wings of love. The tea had been served and the short Russian day was fast closing ere Philip went to transact the important business for which he had come. "Farewell, dearest, until to-morrow, and then I shall be here again: these are perilous times; there is no telling what a day may bring forth. Only wait for me. I am ready to wait like Jacob of old, be it seven times seven years." He then went into the shop and, getting the money on the jewels he brought, speedily hastened back to place a thousand rubles in the treasury of "*The Will of the People.*"

## CHAPTER VI.

It was yet twilight : all was still in the few streets occupied by the business of the "Israelites." Zarinski closed his shop and hastened up to his daughter ; a look of worry and sadness was upon his face. "My beloved Adina, may the blessing of the God of Israel rest upon thee ! We are exiles, wanderers in the wide, wide world. Judea is our country and heaven our home. Though we are permitted to dwell in this little quiet spot near a great city, we know not what moment we may be ordered to leave our fire-sides and altars ; therefore, houses and lands have we none ; we do not



allow ourselves to become attached to one foot of ground, even the spot where rest our sacred dead we have bequeathed to the God of Israel. As the world frowns upon us it behooves us to take care of ourselves and to always have our lamps trimmed and burning, and the wherewith to procure the necessities of life to which we have been accustomed. All these jewels of value I place in your casket to save you my 'jewel' from penury and want, and if the day should ever come, with these hidden upon your person you can fly to any part of the world, and should your poor old father be taken to his fathers you will have the only friend to whom he would be willing to intrust you—money."

"I am getting uneasy about these Nihil-

ists. I am seriously impressed that Philip Harum is in some way connected with a secret society. The Israelites in Russia have ever been prudent and far-seeing. They affiliate with no political, religious or social societies and you see their persecutions. Were such unprovoked cruelties ever exercised in a civilized government? And though we are in the shadow of a great city, we are not secure from envy, jealousy and bigotry."

"Ah, my father! can we, so quiet, so honest and true, seeking only our independence and the privilege of worshipping our God and our Father, can we be molested?"

"Yes, my child it is ours to suffer for the sins of our fathers."



“And, if there are ranks in suffering, Israel takes precedence of all the nations; if the duration of sorrows and the patience with which they are borne ennoble, the Jews are among the aristocracy of the land; if a literature is called rich in the possession of a few classic tragedies, what shall we say to a national tragedy lasting for fifteen hundred years in which the poets and actors were also the heroes.” Zarinski did not have the appearance of a martyr: his taste and success as a money-getter was the exasperating difference between the Jew and the Gentile, during all the ages of their dispersion, but when he quoted that beautiful passage from his favorite “Zunz” he seemed clothed in the sublime pathos of the martyr.—Philip Harum

did belong to a secret society. Adina knew it; but love and hope were hovering near to shield and save. "Ah, welcome pure eyed faith, white-handed hope. Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings. Among the blessings of love there is none more exquisite than the sense that in uniting our sympathies and views with the beloved ones that we may watch over their happiness and bring comfort where there are misfortunes." Adina had been carefully educated; she was naturally of a philosophic bent; she inherited deep thought from her father and a poetic nature from her mother and the dreams of her race had tinged her life with melancholy thought. When her father left her after his sad dissertation and expressions with regard to Philip,



Adina sat motionless, pondering upon the complications of human existence in general, and of Philip Harum in particular. "Ah!" cried she—"I have somewhere read that in the checkered area of human experience, the seasons are all mingled as in the golden age! fruit and blossoms hang together; in the same moment the sickle is reaping and the seed is sprinkled; one tends the green cluster, and another treads the wine-press. Nay in each of our lives harvest and spring time are continually one until Death himself gathers us and sows us anew in his invisible fields."

## CHAPTER VII.

Momentous things are happening each moment of our lives and "it is a part of probability that the most improbable things will happen." Philip Harum, around whom the Fates were already weaving their web, was oblivious to all save his country and his love. His faith in the teachings of his fathers was shattered. He had dwelt upon the wrongs of mankind until he doubted the fatherhood of God. He had seen the inhumanity of man to his fellow until he no longer believed in the brotherhood of man. If any one had asked him if he were a socialist he would have



replied—"I am worse, I am a Nihilist. I would destroy everything, everything there is." He had long since given up the church of his fathers; indeed public worship of any kind; he had long ago renounced all forms of faith. The evolution of theology was to him as clearly defined as the evolution of the human race.

Pondering upon these abstruse questions, he reached the university where he was greeted as usual as the financier of their little treasury, the one friend they had at the "Jewish quarter"—indeed he was always cheered as their friend at court, the "power behind the throne" and the throne was the coffers of Isaac Zarinski. The Nihilists were growing stronger every day; not only was German

socialism but German skepticism broadening the path for Liberalists and Free-thinkers. Among the broadest thinkers and the most cultured students Philip Harum stood at the helm. He was ever welcomed as the guiding star of the Assembly. To-night he deposited the rubles obtained upon Anna Lavinski's jewels and with heart overflowing with indignation at the tyranny and oppression that had so long warped his bleeding country, and with contempt and disgust for a religion that trampled under foot the conscientious scruples of all save its own, he arose, and his majestic form dilated as he opened up before his astonished listeners the wide domain of theological absurdities. "For eighteen hundred years there has been a cry of 'peace and



there is no peace.' The religion that took the place of nature worship, the cult of the cosmic deities, the deification of ancestral ghosts, or ancestor worship and down through fetichism\* and totemism to the present state of intellectual shadow worship is simply a religion of symbols; but will, I suppose, always give mankind some incentive to moral action, So long as the Christian faith is admitted to be mere symbols, I should not object to it, for some of them are beautiful; but when they are imposed upon us as realities, then it becomes our highest duty to show that these dogmatic idols are made by men's hands and have no greater value than the stocks and stones they have replaced. In a few words—there is too much theology in the

nineteenth century and not enough true religion ; it is that which has destroyed a belief in the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. Let us study for ourselves the writings of Hegel, of Kant, or Spinoza and we shall therein find the God of Matthew Arnold. The power not ourselves that maketh for righteousness. The Man made God who has a mortal image like our own after whose image the vanity of man has created him, says Spinoza—“is the offspring of our own arrogance as well as ignorance and if a triangle could argue, it would make God a triangle !”—After his eloquent and excited address, Philip Harum took his seat. Every eye was gazing upon him with silent admiration : they all respected and admired his political



views but while they were aware that he acknowledged himself a skeptic in the doctrines of the Christian religion they had never before heard him express sentiments of real agnosticism. Michael Lazarof, a student of the university and a Nihilist of the deepest dye, arose and in the blandest terms ignored the Nihilism of Philip in religion; "for," said he, "while I am a political Nihilist, the strongest plank in my ship of state is the belief in the God of my fathers; and I feel assured that the pretty Hebrew daughter of Isaac Zarinski has done more to shatter the faith of friend Philip in the religion of his fathers than Kant or Spinoza. Let love conquer faith but hold on to the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob."

The solemnity of the occasion, and the signs of the times forbade any argumentative excitement. The trials of the past, and the dread of the future repelled anything like temper or vain glory. When they separated after each meeting they were not certain they should ever see each other again, and a difference of opinion was always accepted with love and veneration. A settled sadness pervaded every heart, a bond of suffering united every soul: silently they worked and hoped, and like the rippling brook which flows quietly on till lost in the deep and fathomless ocean, they felt sure of at last reaching the goal.



## CHAPTER VIII.

Philip Harum was the only child of a clergyman whose life was deeply tinged by the gloom and austerity of his faith. He had been brought up in the most severe and puritanical style, being allowed but few privileges that could bring sunshine and happiness to his heart. What wonder then that he with mind acute and penetrating should have grown to ignore the stream when the fountain was impure! he would have been a Christian of the broadest sympathies. That charity which covers a multitude of faults blossomed in his heart and would have fructified his whole life

had he been taught more religion and less theology ; but like many others he was driven to skepticism by the absurdities and incongruities of false teaching. "Love had conquered faith." His soul went out to suffering humanity and he could only recognize a God with pitying eye who blotted out the stains of a cruel world by the exercise of mercy instead of vengeance. The next morning found him with Sofia Petrovsky. He had appointed a meeting with her—as he often did. They were congenial spirits and though she was regarded with suspicion, he had thus far eluded it. He found her alone and in tears. "Ah, Philip ! what have I not undergone ? I, who have felt his hallowed kiss ; I whose every prayer was, 'holy mother save him ;' I



have just been reading Montaigne and am touched by his words ; they apply startlingly to me. 'If any one should importune me to give a reason why I loved him I feel it could no otherwise be expressed than by making answer, because it was he ! because it was I ! There is beyond what I am able to say I know not what inexplicable and inevitable power that brought on this union.'

She continued weeping bitterly, and, sinking upon her knees, remained for some moments lost in prayer ; then, rising composed but deadly pale, with tears rolling down her cheeks, she went slowly to the casement and throwing it open bent forward as if to breath the soft and bracing air of the declining day. It seemed to waft its health-inspiring breeze over the newly-

fallen snow and to soothe the broken spirit that had just succumbed to sorrow and grief. Turning to Philip and taking from her finger a gem of untold value, "take this, dear Philip, it is the last thing I have that was his; it is the signet seal, sanctified by the first kiss of love which bound our hearts and souls together: I lay it as an offering upon the shrine of our dying country. I could not part with it even for that if I did not feel, yes! know, that my days are numbered." Then stepping close to him, in a whisper she uttered a few words; they made Philip start with horror as he exclaimed "Heaven forbid! Sofia Petrovsky keep thy heart pure, and thy hands unstained by blood. We can never gain a righteous cause by unrighteous means." He felt more certain



than ever that her mind was crazed. She was bereft of reason by the untimely death and suffering of her lover and had become a monomaniac about avenging his death. Philip Harum was a true patriot, and sympathized with his unhappy compatriots; but he was as honorable, as loyal to his cause, and he would never stoop to the conspirator's plot, nor the assassin's deadly blow. The words which Sofia had whispered in his ear startled him and disclosed at once the morbid condition of her brain and the frenzied imagination under which she was laboring; and he resolved to turn if possible the channel of her desires. "To work for the good of the people, to use gold for the advancement of liberal doctrines was not treason, to clamor for a constitutional

government was yet the privilege of every citizen—if done within proper limits.” For these he was ready to work, and willing to die and to spend the little fortune he had inherited from his father.



## CHAPTER IX.

After Philip's gruesome interview with Sofia, he left and wended his way to the Jewish quarter, with the valuable relic which Sofia Petrovsky had given him to exchange for gold. The snow which had been falling had changed to a thick mist, and a shadowy vapor was settling over the city. Philip was dissatisfied with himself, for he felt creeping over him an affinity to his surroundings, at which he shuddered. It had been several days since he had seen Adina and to always carry a shadow of the mysterious events that were fast culminating seemed to him sacrilegious.

Ezra Smolenski was the bitter enemy of Philip Harum. He loved Adina Zarinski as devotedly as one of his sinister and selfish nature could. They had grown up together; his sister Rachel, or Ray as she was called was her friend and confidante, and to see another, and he of a strange creed stepping in to win the only prize which he had ever sought—save money—was more than one of his sinister disposition could endure. Ezra Smolenski was the richest Jew in the Hebrew quarter; his large variety store was well filled with everything that could be desired, from the finest silks, laces, and broad-cloths to the simplest bric-a-brac. He was patronized from all quarters of St. Petersburg; the wealthiest and most fashionable sought the establishment of Ezra



Smolenski. Isaac Zarinski was his friend; he had known him from boyhood, and his success as a money-maker enhanced him in his estimation and although it would never occur to him to sell his child for money, or to one unworthy of her, it surely gratified him to think that she might some day make so eligible a match. It is characteristic of the Hebrew race to stand by the creed of their fathers. They never run after strange Gods; they know—as we all do—that mixed marriages are often fatal to prosperity and happiness, for, want of sympathy and congeniality prevents harmony, and without harmony wedded life which should be an Eden becomes a hell. Thus the hearts of the young cannot be too sebulously guarded, and promiscuous association too much con-

demned ; but do we ever escape our fate ? Impossible ! and the web which was already woven around Adina was impenetrable by the most watchful care and philosophic creed, for, from her horoscope cast in the house of "Venus" she could never escape. Philip Harum at last reached the shop of the money-lender, cold, and wet and weary both in body and mind. "Welcome, ever welcome friend Philip, for you bring me the choicest gems in 'Petersburg.'"

"And here is a '*Kohinoor*' a relic of great value, give me all you can for it ; the money is to be devoted to suffering humanity, to build up law and order, to lay the foundation of a constitutional government and to benefit you and me. The whole world



will be better for it if the great day ever arrives that sees Russia free from autocratic rule."

"It is for that the rich are spending their money, for that philosophers and politicians are dreaming and for that, how many noble souls have passed away uttering with their dying breath *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori?*" When Zarenski saw the beautiful and valuable gem his eyes twinkled with delight, for deep, down in the coffer that held Adina's jewels it was destined to take its place. "Two thousand rubles is not too much for it: it holds both the fire and the azure blue of the heavens. It will either bedeck 'my Jewel' or give her bread should she ever become a wanderer in a foreign land."

Philip received the money and asking for a short interview with Adina was ushered into her little parlor *sans ceremonie*. "I almost began to think I would never see you again Philip, a whole week seems long to hearts that love and in these troublous times we know not what a day may bring forth."

"Chance and circumstances my dear Adina often control our movements without our will; but there is a divinity that shapes our ends rough hew them as we may."

"Though all the world should try to sever us, I am sure it can never be; I feel an unbounded faith within that you are mine and I am yours regardless of creeds or the malice of enemies."

"Adina I know of but one being who



wishes me ill : Ezra Smolenski always looks upon me with jealous eye."

"Ah! if you only knew how repugnant his attentions are to me, you would pity me more than you blame him. True he is the friend of my childhood; when his sister and I were little girls, he watched over us like an older brother; he guided our footsteps over the mountains; he carried our 'fishing tackles' and taught us how to fish for the speckled trout in the mountain streams; he guided us through nooks and fens to gather ferns and wild-flowers; and he played upon the lute, oh! such sweet delicious airs that to my childish heart I thought it was love! and going as we did Sabbath after Sabbath to

the Temple to worship the same 'God of our fathers' I grew up thinking there could never be a love dearer to me than his. Alas ! I was but a child ; no rough winds or chilling blast had breathed their insidious breath upon my pathway ; love, and sunshine, and Heaven seemed my destiny. Thus years passed by ; he, already more than a youth, having earned a reputation enviable to any young man, what wonder that he was a favorite with my father ? and that he looked with gracious eye upon his admiration for his only child. He grew to love me better every day, while I, dear Philip flew full fledged from my 'childish fancy,' learning—when too late for him—that an innocent vagary of childhood, is not the subtle thing called love. One day I saw you dearest



enter my father's shop. I had never sought the outside world, I had never dreamed of an ideal love ; content and happy here in our little home acknowledging no law but that of Moses, no God but Him that law revealed ; it mattered not to me whether Mohammedan or Nazarine claimed supremacy in Russia. I saw you Philip and from that moment I was wretched, for I did not know I would ever see you again. First a thrill of infinite delight passed through my frame as quick and perfect as electricity ; an influence I had never known before, and as clearly as if some unseen power had whispered in my ear, I heard, I knew—I know not how—that I had met the only one that would make or mar my destiny. I say I was wretched for I did not know I would

ever see you again. I did not know that it was the inevitable design of our lives to be united, regardless of faith and creed and a knowledge of each other!"

"You did not know Adina that before I saw you or knew there dwelt in this world a lovely being like yourself, that I was drawn, ever drawn here to the 'money-lenders home,' that when business brought me I was intuitively happy; the days or weeks that nothing necessitated my coming found me sad and lonely; I felt as if I were looking for something I must find, and when on that happy day you were accidentally introduced to me by your father, I too knew that my destiny was sealed 'for weal or for woe.' It is a strange coincidence dearest



and our fate cannot be averted,”

“Philip my father seems astonished that I cannot fancy Ezra ; from a business standpoint and a philosophic view there can be no reason why I should not ; but his one and only charm to me is his devotion to his sister. They were left orphans when he had scarce reached adolescence and she a little child. He has cherished her as fondly as only a mother could, and educated her in a superior style. Nature too has been bountiful to her ; she has talents and accomplishments and a voice that will one day make her famous, for do you know she is going to Berlin to study for the operatic stage.”

“Ray is a sweet and beautiful girl,” replied Philip, “and I shall always wish her ‘God

speed;' but how you will miss her, darling, and who can take her place by your side in the Temple?"

“True enough, we have never thought, but our God will provide.”



## CHAPTER X.

While events of the most serious nature were constantly being enacted in St. Petersburg, the thread of our story carries us to Kief, to view the quiet and well ordered family of Alexander Lavinski. After his return from St. Petersburg both he and his wife avoided conversing upon the ominous scenes to which he had been witness.

The atmosphere of life seemed grave and dark even to those whom the calamities had not touched. The most careless spirit is often oppressed by the precariousness and cruelty of human existence and the signs of the

times had cast a gloom even over the most remote provinces. Anna Lavinski was the happiest wife and mother; seven years of untold felicity had been theirs. It was one of those few happy marriages in which no galling chain is felt; but a quick and perfect sympathy insuring that harmony which passion alone could never sustain. She had inherited a vast domain as her hereditary right, with serfs that she had set free, even before the edict of the Czar. Alexander Lavinski had left the gay city of St. Petersburg to bask in the sunshine of love and independence. The unselfish and devoted wife often feared that the gay and handsome man would tire of domestic bliss and happy seclusion, knowing that men seek more from the world



than women and that love is only half the world to them while 'tis woman's whole existence."

She knew and felt what every true woman feels—who loves aright—that it is the wife who has all to gain from "Loves young dream." They are more dependent upon married life than the husband and they should ever strive to make their home a haven of rest for the way-worn mariner of life whose vessel has been tossed upon the waves of ambition and worldly strife and often the sorest disappointments. Their home was beautiful and romantic, as only a "Russians Chateau" can be; with the silver-peaked mountains in the distance always covered with snow and often presenting a roseate tinge

either from the setting sun or the reflection of the "Aurora Borealis" which lights up the heavens in that northern clime almost every night during the winter solstice and often during the summer. Alexander was devoted to his lovely wife and proud of her executive ability as well as of her charms and accomplishments. They had truly lived the life of lovers; their honey-moon was still at its full, no waning as yet visible, no approach towards decline. Two lovely children, little Ivan and Meta with golden hair and bright blue eyes embellished their home and cemented a union which love alone could bind.

"Aunt Olga is coming dear to pay us the long promised visit and how proud I shall



be to prove to her that there is one true marriage ; poor aunt Olga ! whose hopes were blighted in early life and whose one disappointment made her suspicious of all others.”

“Yes,” replied Alexander, “it is so true that we see life through our own spectacles.”

“Do you know dearest,” said Anna, “that I have always blamed aunt Olga ; she was too stern and cold and unforgiving ; from all I have learned of the far off past, she sacrificed through self-love a good and noble man who might have been restored to honor and devotion by affection and charity. He possessed a thousand virtues and one single fault ; he was led astray by the machinations of

vicked companions, who psychologized him in a moment of weakness and though sorrowful and repentent the wife who had vowed to love and cherish him through evil as well as good report, was the first to forsake him ; she made bad, worse and brought a life-time of sorrow and loneliness upon herself, and destruction upon him, and all because her self-love was attacked. She was not a true wife, for she thought more of herself than of her husband, and unless self is absorbed in each other, there is no happiness in married life.”

“Yes, dear, and that is the only difference of opinion we have ever had:—you will persist that I am the most lovable and I know that my wife is.”

“May it ever be thus ; I am only a good



‘German wife and mother’ who lives alone for her husband and children.” This lovely tete-a-tete was suddenly disturbed, and who should be announced but Philip Harum?

## CHAPTER XI.

In Anna Lavinski's home a pleasing excitement prevailed. The next day after the arrival of "Philip Harum," welcomed her aunt Olga who had come in time to be present at her "feast day." It was now early spring, and the sun-shine and the shower of April weather cast a charm over the beautiful grounds surrounding the "Chateau." The sun shone out with unusual brightness for that northern region and the very birds seemed imbued with the loveliness of the scene. It seemed to Philip when he looked back at the sombre experiences through



which he had passed during the winter, as if some magic wand had been at work to transform in a moment the gloomy atmosphere which enveloped him in St. Petersburg. Such constant excitement of revolt and political strife had made the time pass rapidly, and it appeared to him but the other day when he was trudging through the snow to pay a gruesome visit to Sofia Petrovsky, or to find his only solace in another quarter, where he stole an interview with his beloved Adina. A feast-day or name-day sometimes called, is an institution of German countries and those allied. In isolated provinces among the old aristocracy where a whole country belongs to the "Nobles" it is a great privilege to the "dependents" to make merry over their lady's

day, and Anna Lavinski was idolized by her people. Her peasants, her home, and her broad lands were to her a kingdom. She felt the responsibility, and in freeing her serfs she only bound them more closely to her. She watched over their wants and necessities as much as ever, and every occasion of happiness brought good cheer and its blessings for her tenantry. Philip joined in most heartily and determined not to make known the object of his visit until the feast was over. He had come to prevent—by his advice—Alexander Lavinski from plunging into the arena of “Nihilism” and to beg him to withdraw at once from its secret conclaves. It would only bring destruction upon himself and ruin upon his family, without forwarding



in the least the object they had at heart. All the long day the peasants were fetching evergreens from the mountains, the larch and the sturdy pine and at night a mountain band of outre instruments were there to honor the occasion, in their simple way. The yodel of the Germans and the horn of the Tyrol could make no wilder, sweeter music than the "Mudjicks" of Russia. Anna had prepared the best of food; the choicest fruits and sweet-meats were offered in profusion, and when all were satisfied they departed, leaving their blessing upon her and her household; and who is not better for the benisons of the poor?

The next day as Philip enjoyed the domestic bliss of his cousin, and saw wealth, and

health, and abundance everywhere he was more convinced than ever of the futility of sacrificing wife and children and home for a sentiment; for every day brought fresh proofs of the impossibility of reforming an "autocracy," It were madness he told them to continue their secret undertakings and the impulsive nature of Alexander rendered him liable to be discovered at any moment. He had written a letter to him in "cypher" which if it had been found would have hanged "us both." "So I beg, I command you to desist," and enjoy the blessings you have and take care of the responsibilities your immense wealth has brought you."

Their aunt Olga implored him to promise her to forget the "wrongs he could not



right" and to devote himself to the amelioration of the poor around him. With many fond farewells and blessings from Anna for his interest and good advice Philip at last departed; but not until he had heard aunt Olga confess that "marriage is not a failure" and that she had found that it is possible for people to be happy even in wedded life!

## CHAPTER XII.

It was near the end of May; beautiful May in most countries, but a month of strange contradictions in Russia. While the haunts of nature were robed in the most gorgeous beauty bringing a lavish display of foliage, and shrub, and flower; and such fresh, dewy mornings, and glorious sunsets, and the long sweet hours of twilight, it was no unusual sight to awake in the morning and find the beauty increased by a film of ice or snow which was as quickly dispelled by the rising sun. Indeed it seems in Russia as if the "vagaries" of spring are on the rampage



in May, and she loves to play hide and seek with old "Boreous!" But its very variableness brings pleasures; the very word brings up old time memories. May-day fetes and balls; but alas! a spirit of disquietude is abroad, and over the festal halls is hovering a cloud breathing of oppression and misery, a suffering people clamoring for freedom, freedom from the thralldom of "autocratic power" which makes the proud metropolis the seat of empire and wealth, fashion and beauty, luxury and pleasure, also the seat of crime, misery, and desolation. In her pretty "boudoir" near the French window-opening on a verandah, sat Adina Zarinski, enjoying the mild, delicious, air as it was wafted over the fragrant vines her delicate hands had trained

around her casement. She looked sad and dreamy. Philip's absence to the country was to her an age of loneliness. True it is, and pity 'tis true, "that the course of true love never did run smoothe," Isaac Zarinski was a devotee to the faith of his fathers. He began to feel, when too late, that the friend whom he had taken into his household had cast a shadow which a difference of creeds alone warranted. Honorable, and generous to a fault, unselfish and true in all things, Philip Harum was a grand specimen of one who "loves his fellow-man," and reveres the God of his idealistic devotion. He was free from cant, and ignoring the theological teachings of his childhood, he was free from religious prejudice, and could



clasp the hand of Jew as well as Gentile; and his daily prayer was, "O God deliver me from the pride and vain glory which, thank God that "I am not as other men;" yet with all his noble qualities he was of a different race, his creed, he could modify, but to be a Hebrew of the Hebrews was the acme of every Israelite. The foolish preference of Adina's was only a sentiment, and life could all be changed, and the letter of the law preserved by the union of his daughter with the rich and respected merchant Ezra Smolenski. He had promised Ezra to talk seriously to Adina, and ere he returned from Berlin—whither he was going with his sister—he hoped to see a return to the friend of her childhood and a relinquishment

of the romantic fancy that had seemed to bind her to a stranger. The same evening Ezra and Ray called to say farewell. She was going to Berlin to enter upon an untried field of ambition, for Rachel Smolenski had not the laudable excuse of the necessities of life to work for; her brother was rich, and devoted to her every whim and desire; therefore it was for fame she was working; but while she was filled with all the zest and delight that her young imagination had conjured, she seemed sad and troubled when she came to say her last good-bye to the friend of her childhood, youth and womanhood. Ah! Adina, I know that "second sight" is a disputed point upon the 'borderland' of our existence, notwithstanding there



have been from time immemorial some who have possessed an inner light, a sixth sense, if we may call it, or intuitive knowledge of the future; from my childhood I have been impressed with coming events and have felt that they 'cast their shadows before.' That is the reason why I am so depressed to-night. There is an uneasiness unnatural to me; a shuddering, or shrinking as it were from some unknown calamity. I am just as sure as can be that something dreadful is going to happen; I firmly believe that when I depart from my native valley it will be forever. I may never meet you again my dear Adina, but promise me that whatever may be the cause you will never forget me,

but remember,—as I shall—the halcyon days of our childhood.”

“Oh! my dear Ray there is no cause for such despondence. If you were friendless and pennyless, and going out into the wide, wide world to earn a precarious livelihood, or to battle with life for fame or glory, you might have gloom and fears; but dearest with the first disappointment or rebuff—if you should meet any—you have a home and a heart to fly to, a fond and loving brother whose pride and ambition all centre in you and who would, I think be very glad if you would return, cured of your ‘operatic craze,’ as he calls it. You are panoplied on every side by money and friends; was there ever a girl who started out to act before the ‘foot-lights’ with such



advantages? The Baroness Rosenthal has even taken you under her care, such a patroness would insure success without your ability and your brother's money!"

"True, true Adina but neither friends nor, money can change the destiny that awaits us, and I cannot help but feel depressed; it may pass off, it may be but the natural result of my first transit out in the great world. I hope it is, but my intuition tells me not. So farewell Adina and if forever, *fare thee well.*"

Adina passed a sad and sleepless night after parting with her friend, for she loved Ray devotedly. She felt that she was too obtuse to feel an "inner light" for to her short sighted vision a bright dream was

unfolding, and Philip Harum was the day-star of her happiness.



## CHAPTER XIII.

When Philip Harum returned to St. Petersburg and found the Assembly at the University in its usual ferment, and saw on every side evidences of general tumult he rejoiced from his inmost soul that he had gone so precipitately to fore-warn Alexander Lavinski of the inexorable doom that was sure to envelop the political agitators who were already classed with the Nihilists. He had long since despaired of accomplishing any compromise between tyranny and franchise and gloomy acquiescence had cast over him a stolid submission which told him his only salvation was

to forsake his country and obliterate from his heart the vain desire of seeing Russia a constitutional government. In his patriotic harangue to his fellow students, he told them of the utter inefficiency of their measures; of the confusion and tumult which would be the natural result of the system of opinions they were announcing, and to longer foster such false hopes was simply suicidal. His eloquence and profound judgment had unbounded influence over his "confreres" in the University, and consequently they resolved that in the future they would confine themselves entirely to science and literature. But while the opinions of Philip Harum were having a tranquillizing effect in the University, there were outside among secret Nihilists—



conspirators at work on the deepest laid plans, determined to rule or ruin.

Zalioski, Hartman and Visotska all leaders of secret societies were insane upon the subject of immediate reparation, and with the enthusiasm of "politicomaniacs" they went blindly to work little heeding the consequence. Beautiful women too of high renown had grown wild over the wrongs of their country; and while Sofia Provosky was swearing vengeance upon the Czar for the cruel treatment and death of her betrothed, there were others quite as excited over the ideas of Nihilism. Hartman was a friend and *confidant* of Sofia and he was furnished with money from her jewels until as we have seen the last relic was disposed of; but she was

rich and could command the rubles to disseminate anarchy.

Philip Harum, after a short visit to Sofia during which he expressed his pacific views and remonstrated with her for affiliating with the secret leaders of the Nihilists, bade her a sad farewell and turned his steps towards a home where he hoped to find a respite from his cares, a nepenthe for all his woes. Alas! Philip Harum did you but know that in that garden of Eden to which you are hastening with high hopes and rapid strides a serpent had entered and left its poisonous slimes around its walls, your joy would be turned to sorrow, your hopes to fears; but beat on fond heart, nor cease to hope, for one there is who will not forget. Isaac Zarinski



loved his daughter too well to coerce her, and although the serpent of avarice and the prejudice of race had sorely tempted him, when he looked upon her sweet young face and her loving black eyes suffused with tears as she repeated once again the words: "there is only one, my dearest father whom I can ever love; but without your blessing I will not wed,"

his heart succumbed, and affection triumphed over reason as he clasped her to his heart and exclaimed: "farewell Ezra Smolenski farewell, to all thy hopes." When, soon after this trying scene, Philip Harum arrived at the little shop. Zarinski's placid face and staid demeanor exhibited none of the whirl of inner feeling which he had experienced but a moment before. With him, to resolve was to act, and "love

had conquered faith." No flower was ever seen either in the pearly morning or the dewy evening that can compare with a pretty woman's face enriched and beautified by the happy emotion of meeting the man she loves. "The time has been so long dear Philip and I have watched for you through the sad and weary days until I remembered that you would soon come back and be my own forever; that is what I always think of when you are absent;" and as Philip encircled her in his arms and imprinted a sacred kiss of love upon her brow she promised him never again to doubt that the Fates were in their favor.

Rachel Smolenski was snugly domiciled in her beautiful apartments in Berlin. Her



little "German fraulein" gave her every care and attention she could desire. She had been presented to the Baroness Rosenthal; had selected her teachers at the Conservatoire, and bidden farewell to her brother who had arranged everything for her comfort and deposited the money to procure all the luxuries of her station. Brilliant, vivacious and beautiful; gifted by nature with a phenomenal voice, and cultured to the highest extent, it would be an anomaly if she did not succeed in the profession she was about to espouse. Baroness Rosenthal had been completely captured by her protegee and was more than proud to become her patroness. How true and strange it is that the dazzle and resplendence of the outer world will subdue

and even obliterate the inner-light and most sorrowful forebodings; thus Ray had quite forgotten the intuitions that had prompted her to lamentations and sadness at her departure from home, and enveloped her for the time in a shroud of gloom.

It seems a cruel kindness that draws the veil around us and permits us to indulge in folly and hilarity up to the very moment when with a sudden throe it is torn asunder and we are plunged without a moment's warning into the clutches of an irremediable sorrow. Ezra returned to his home bright and full of hope; he knew he was the chosen one of Adina's childhood, the favored one of her father and he was not prepared to find that his case had been decided at the



bar of parental affection instead of cold and philosophic reason.

While he was in a state of doubt, hope was so strong within, and his vanity so great, that he never dreamed but the time must come when Adina would yield to his devotion and her father's persuasions, and he returned from Berlin quite exhilarated over the certainty of success; what then was his surprise and disappointment when he found that Philip Harum, regardless of creed or race and comparatively poor was the accepted suitor of the only one for whom he had ever felt a love greater than his rubles. "Hell hath no fury like a women scorned," but earth hath no demon like a wicked man whose heart and pride are both obliged to

yield to another's claim, and though calm and serene to all appearances Ezra Smolenski had a lurking devil within which sooner or later he intended to use upon the unsuspecting person of Philip Harum.



## CHAPTER XIV.

The beautiful summer-time had flown as if with the birds it too was seeking a more genial clime. The first day of November was ushered in—as usual—with a grey mist falling and enveloping the dreary looking pedestrians many of whom were hastening to church—for it was All Saint's day—and the devotees of the Greek as well as the Catholic Church consider it a day of obligation; and many sincere prayers were offered up on that day to the saints in Heaven for their intercession in behalf of their suffering country.

The day at last closed, and twilight was

casting its weird shadow over the city with its tall spires and beautiful palaces standing up like grim sentinels in the distance.

Ezra Smolenski was sitting in his office adjoining his shop in an indolent, dreamy mood and seemingly alone; but at a little distance there rested a poor misshapen fellow who had just come in, and dropping his "pack" from his back, had, with a sigh of relief sunk into the first seat that offered, for he was very tired after a day's tramp through the great city. "Mose" can you keep a secret?" was the first salutation Ezra gave him. "I think I can Mister Ezra, an' if it be for you ther's nothin' I would'nt do for my good and kind benefactor."

"Mose" did you ever see Philip Harum?"



“Oh! often at the ‘money-lender’s and on the street in the city too.”

“Well, he has crossed my path and unless I can put him out of the way, I can never marry the girl of my heart, Adina Zarinski.”

“But Mister, oh, Mister Ezra you don’t talk of murder? poor old Mose’ loves money, money, money, but bad and ugly and misshapen as he is he can never have the blood of any man upon his conscience, any thing but murder will I do for you Mister Ezra.”

“Why Mose’ you don’t think I would commit murder? ther’s an easier way than that now-a-days to get rid of our enemies—exile them, exile them to the mines of Siberia!

that's where all these students, these would-be reformers and Nihilists ought to be, and the country would be free from at least all but one autocrat! They keep the people in constant turmoil; they upset the working-class and ignorant people by the cry of a 'constitutional government' which one half don't understand."

"Yes, I see, I see, but how can a poor fellow like me help you with all your money-bags?"

"Well Mose in order to bring a man or woman either before the tribunal there must be an informer, he must be accused of suspicious conduct. Even a suspicion well-founded is enough to send a man to Siberia. Can't you prowl around



with your 'pack' and find out what these fellows are about at the University? and what you don't see you can believe you do, and your money-bag will be well filled; and Mose' if you only help me to get this canting scoundrel out of the way you shall rest on a bed of ease the remainder of your life." The conversation ended and Mose' retired to his little closet to dream of the wealth and ease he had never hoped for, and to fight a battle between his inordinate love of money and the latent conscience which had been inspired by the teachings at his sainted mother's knee, and which had been kept alive by his constant attendance each seventh day at the "synagogue."

"Mose' the peddler" was the sobriquet by

which he was known. Ezra Smolenski had been very kind to him and lifted him up out of poverty and want when a poor refuge, for he was a Polish Jew and came years before with the others to settle in Russia. Ezra furnished him with his "pack" and took him in and gave him a home and poor Mose' grew to love his master—as he called him—with the devotion of a faithful dog, for his mind as well as his body was dwarfed by early disease and neglect; but his conscience never died, he was born with religious principals and a love for the God of his fathers which could not be destroyed and which remained stronger in him than in many brighter intellects.



## CHAPTER XV.

The winter blasts were chill and drear, but day after day found "Mose' the peddler" trudging his weary round underneath the heavy pack he always carried: sometimes it grew lighter by the sales he made, but oftner there would be a dull day for poor Mose'. He was sure of a kindly welcome when he returned after the days labor, for Ezra was now on the *qui vive* for news; news that would fulfill the yearnings of his heart. A significant silence pervaded the city; the old thinkers and croakers as they are always called were prognosticating a

storm after such a calm. It was too quiet ; an ominous lull which made one feel that there were mysteries in the air. Philip Harum oblivious of the fact that his very steps were watched, made his usual visits to the Hebrew quarter, and in the peaceful abode of the one he adored found rest from the cares of the University. He had virtually given up the Nihilist societies to which he had formerly belonged and settled down in to a thorough student's life, hoping the conspirators too had learned wisdom. The papers were now full of the achievements of the new "prima-donna" in Berlin, and the most flattering accounts of the success of the beautiful "Fraulein Ray" was constantly received. She had made her debut in the



character of "Marguerite" in "Faust" and was most enthusiastically cheered, and called before the curtain many times.

Her chaperon was the Baroness Rosenthal and her escort the young Count Lilienthal whom rumor already said was her *fiance*. Ray was very happy; a field of success and delight of which she had never dreamed, had from the very first rewarded her efforts. The young Count Lilienthal was a nephew of Baroness Rosenthal and was captured by her at first sight; his devotion soon won her, and at the close of her first engagement she had promised to give up the stage and become his wife. She had proven to herself and friends that she had talents, and she had won renown, and now that her heart

had been touched with a more ardent passion she was willing to bid farewell to a profession which if it has glory and fame to offer as a reward, has also the most arduous tasks to perform before earning them.

A season of brilliancy had made Ray very happy. She longed to clasp her brother once more to her heart, and to see her friend Adina; her hopes and prospects for the future were so bright that they entirely obliterated the inner warning which had troubled her at her departure from home.

The twelfth of March was cold and cheery in Berlin; the ground was covered with newly fallen snow and the sleigh-bells were ringing merrily. It was a "red-letter" day for Ray. The postman brought her



a long letter from her brother in which he congratulated her on her brilliant prospects and told her that he was coming to spend Easter holidays in Berlin to enjoy the German festivities with his darling sister; "and Ray dearest you will not be ashamed of your 'dot' when I give you away even to a 'count.'" To the casual observer, all seemed so beautiful. Cupid and Venus, the Muses and the Graces vied with each other to do honor to the fair debutante. She was environed by a galaxy of friends, not a single circumstance was visible to mar a destiny that appeared so perfect.

The same day that opened so cheery and gay in Berlin and brought to Ray such brilliant hopes, and cheered her heart with sweet ex-

pectation was dissolving into a night-time of gloom in St. Petersburg. The angel of darkness was hovering over the great city, and the Guardian Angel of Alexander II had folded his soft wings and was weeping over the fate which even he had not the power to avert.

“‘Mose’ the peddler” reached home that night with news which might mean a good deal, and the appearance was decidedly in favor of it. Weeks had passed and Ezra Smolenski was beginning to feel that they could find no clew to anything treasonable in Philip Harum. “He is too happy now and has given up Nihilism! Mose’ we must discover something and that soon.” While there was a feeling of beneficence smouldering in the breast of “‘Mose’ the



peddler" it had become warped by hardships and misfortunes, and the enormous reward which Ezra held out to him, at first seemed to daze his mind and consume every thought save that of the money which would secure for him the comforts he so much needed. Upon the night of the twelfth of March as he was prowling along in his usual itinerant course, he accidentally saw Philip Harum coming from the house of Sofia Petrovsky. As he left, two men enveloped in furs that hid their faces and prevented even Philip from recognizing them came from the opposite direction and entered the house. Philip felt sure that they were two of the most violent and bitter Nihilists, Hartman and Ruisakof—and he was not at all pleased

to think that Sofia would continue to excite suspicion by persisting in receiving the intimate visits of such people. He was going the next morning to Kief to spend a week with Alexander Lavinski and take a short recreation from the duties of the University. He had bidden a fond farewell to his betrothed and now he called to say good-bye to his old friend Sofia and beg her to discontinue any further incendiary movements. As he left the house he encountered Mose' whom he recognized, and in the most kindly manner saluted him, remonstrating with him "for being out these times so late when he might be molested by a rabble that is ever on the alert." It was so seldom that the poor peddler heard kind words or found



anyone to take enough interest in him to kindly advise, that the latent flame was aroused in his breast and he at once thought: "Philip Harum, I will never inform against you and I will use all the strategy in my power to thwart the designs of Ezra Smolenski; even if he is my benefactor I cannot help him in crime." It was a singular coincidence that brought "Mose' the peddler" and Philip Harum in contract that night; but it changed the whole course of events which were so rapidly drawing to a close. While they were each pursuing their homeward path and cogitating upon the singular incident of their meeting, the two men whom Philip had seen enter the house of Sofia Petrovsky just as he left, were, as he sus-

pected none other than Hartman and Rouisakof the two arch-conspirators who were in constant communication with Sofia. They were students whose success had been retarded by the avenues of learning being almost entirely closed to the poor whose only capital was their brains. A brother of Rouisakof had already been confined in the mines of Siberia for five long years and each day he grew more determined to avenge his sufferings. Hartman possessed a brilliant, but erratic mind; disappointment and a naturally morbid disposition had made him a misanthrope; a romantic desire to be renowned in the history of the world, had haunted him until he filled his imagination with the wildest fancies. These two men were companions



in suffering with Sofia Petrovsky who gladly lent her aid and furnished the money for their unscrupulous adventures. Sofia met them with her usual grace and enthusiasm, soon forgetting in their presence the good advice she had just listened to from Philip Harum. The next day was the grand parade for the Czar's visit to his winter palace. The two conspirators had laid their murderous plans with wonderful facility and the romantic desire of Sofia to give the signal if she could not apply the torch was accepted with the most enthusiastic emotion. Sofia was energetic and determined; "if we succeed"—said she—"how we can gloat over our vengeance—if we fail we can die as martyrs do and only regret that

we have not a hundred lives to give for our country.”

“Yes”—said Hartman—“from my youth my soul has been harrowed by ambitious desires. As a boy when reading Homer how I envied the spirit of an Ajax who could defy the heavens! When poring over ‘Cæsar’ I would have given centuries of this poor common existence to have cut the ‘Gordian knot’ like Alexander, and like Cæsar to have passed the Rubicon! and again when I read of the ‘love of country’ which fired the soul of the noble Casca, to strike the blade to the heart of the tyrant, and of Brutus who could sacrifice his friend upon the altar of ‘Liberty,’ I resolved to strike a blow ere I should die, that would



startle the world; 'tis noble crimes that leave their mark while virtues scarce out-live their age and generation. The name of Herostratus the youth that fired the 'Ephesian dome' outlives in fame the pious fool that reared it." After Hartman's ebullition had subsided, Sofia ordered the "samovar" and pouring each a cup of steaming tea, with imimitable grace and loveliness she said, "let us drink our farewell libation with that which 'exhilarates but does not inebriate; our souls are already intoxicated by the fire of patriotism, and when we meet again'—

"Yes! when and where?"

They quickly took their solemn leave and parted that night—forever. Sofia knelt long that night in prayer and retired calm

and composed to a sweet and refreshing sleep with the belief which her crazed imagination alone could sustain—that the act she was about to commit was not only sanctioned by God but by the whole civilized world.



## CHAPTER XVI.

The next morning March thirteenth was clear and bright, a beautiful snow had fallen during the night and frozen and crisp it crepitated beneath the feet of the pedestrians and shone like a sheet of silver studded with gems beneath the rays of the rising sun. Although it was a glad day in St. Petersburg—for the Czar was going to his Winter Palace—and thousands of people would be in the streets to view the grand cortege—Philip Harum had selected the time to be absent, having no heart to witness the arrogance and ostenta-

tion of the Autocrat of all the Russias.

The night before Hartman and Rouisakof had spent the evening with Sofia Petrovsky. As Philip Harum had suspected they entered the house as he was leaving, and the three conspirators then and there arranged the sequel to the bloody plot which was to make the thirteenth of March eighteen hundred and eighty one famous in the annals of Russia. The plot was well laid and the execution dramatic. Sofia Petrovsky was out with thousands of others—nobles as well as “the people.” She sat most carefully dressed in an open carriage enveloped in a cloak of ermine with a long black plume waving from her white plush hat and which was the insignia



by which she was to be recognized by the two conspirators whom she was to aid to carry out their nefarious design. As the Emperor's carriage drove through Canal street she waved her handkerchief to Rouisakof and gave the signal to Hartman to explode the mine underneath the imperial train. The heavens reverberated with the mighty crash and the people were stunned by the unexpected tragedy that followed. It was the most glaring and open attempt that could have been made and nothing short of a miracle would have enabled them to escape. Instantaneously the three were arrested and put in chains; the delicate and elegant woman exhibiting more courage and defiance of the law than the

two men. She was evidently mad; she had dared the vengeance of the government and now yielded without a murmur. Her crazed imagination made her glory in being a martyr to liberty, and the avenger of the death of her lover.

They were summarily tried and hanged in spite of the threats of the Nihilistic society and the "*Will of the People.*" Flying over the country at lightning speed Philip Harum was happily nearing the end of his journey ignorant of the panic that was raging in St. Petersburg, and the consternation and grief that had suddenly enshrouded the Palace and royal household. Death is always terrible; but when it comes suddenly and unexpectedly and by the hand



of an assassin, it is shocking beyond description—and the teachings of our childhood have cast such a pall over the grim messenger that we can never welcome its appearance with the calmness and placidity of other religions. The Turk will stand and view a funeral with face all wreathed in smiles, for it reminds him that he too will soon be with “Allah !” The Buddhist awaits with joy the day when he will die and go to “nirvana”—eternal rest. Even the savage Indian rejoices at the approach of death for the “great spirit” will take him to his happy hunting-ground ; but Christians must ever shrink from the great “unknown” which will forever be a “*dies iræ*” to them.

*"Le roi est mort, vive le roi."* And Alexander III. lost no time in making a public example of the assassins of his father. They expiated their crime upon the gallows in a very short time, also Sofia Petrovsky who asked to be executed with the others. She was brave and fearless to the last, and kept up the dramatic pageant even to the scaffold. Upon the morning of her execution, she begged her keeper to permit her maid to fetch her bridal robe and attire her for her execution and burial.

Her wedding garments had been prepared for her early marriage, and the arrest of her lover and the sudden calamity which befell her no doubt demented her



beyond restoration, and she received her death as a boon instead of a punishment.

When she arrived at the scaffold arrayed in pure white satin with her bridal veil enveloping her fragile form, she looked out upon the vast crowd that had assembled to witness the solemn sacrifice and declaimed in a loud and musical voice—"Ah Liberty! Liberty! what aspiration of the heart is more sacred than the love of liberty? It is the one imperious demand of the human soul; for that I am dying; farewell my friends! farewell my bleeding country! I am going to my Father in Heaven and will soon be in the full fruition of all my hopes." Then raising her rosary to her lips and kissing the crucifix with

reverence and devotion she adjusted the noose to her neck with her own fingers and drawing her veil closely around her face she died without a struggle. Thus ended one of the most tragic dramas in the annals of the world and ushered in the reign of the new Emperor with gloom and distrust; what wonder that every eye was suffused with tears and that the people clamored more vociferously for a constitutional government. The reign of Alexander III. which began with the first public execution of a woman for half a century was soon marked by signs of retrogression and declension and hence was a disappointment to the true friends of Russia, who hoped to see a wise and liberal administration



follow that of Alexander II. which was one of weakness and vacillation.

In the happy home at Keif a friendly and hospitable greeting awaited Philip Harum ; the joyous surprise he gave them added greatly to their pleasure, and while the plenteous board was spread and the wassail bowl was passed around bringing good cheer to all, the great city which was but a few hours before basking in the sunshine of its holiday attire was now deeply clad in mourning ; every soul was touched by the sad catastrophe. The assassins had their friends who survived, broken hearted at the result which must follow. Sofia had none but her aged father to feel the blow and he had been long

a victim to disease and at the announcement of the arrest of his only child he swooned a deadly swoon from which he never revived. When told of her father's death, "better so"—she stoically remarked—"than to live to see his daughter die; we will meet in Heaven." It took but a few hours for the astounding news to reach Keif and the remote provinces, and while not surprising it was none the less shocking, and Philip Harum hastened back to his home not without some trepidation at the idea of an *emeute* in the Jewish quarter of the city.



## CHAPTER XVII.

When Adina Zarinski heard of the assassination of the Czar she felt greatly relieved to think that Philip Harum had left the city. Always full of faith and a firm belief in the providence of the God of her fathers, she acknowledged the protecting care that seemed to have guided their course from the first dawning of their affection. She calmly awaited his return and busied herself with Leah's assistance in preparing her wedding trousseau. Her father had given his consent to their marriage and bestowed upon them his blessing, believing

that hearts and not creeds should alone be consulted. Immediately upon his return Philip went to the home of the "money-lender." He was hailed as usual with warm familiarity. A subdued atmosphere surrounded every place. The whole city was demoralized and everyone felt as though some fresh calamity was pending. Ezra Smolenski met Philip Harum the day he arrived; there was an appearance of friendship, although he was cold and reticent he seemed to be brooding over something which was haunting his mind. The next day Philip was occupied until late at the University and a hazy twilight was already casting its shadow when he left the studio for his lodging. He was quickly arrested



by a thickening mob and their hooting and yelling like madmen was horrible to hear. A poor misshapen man was the object of their contempt. They had knocked him down and were beating him mercilessly and crying "kill him, kill him, he is only a Jew." Philip Harum rushed in the crowd and rescuing the helpless creature, to his surprise he recognized the poor deformed peddler whom he had often seen perambulating the streets with his pack upon his back, as well as in the Hebrew quarter. "Are you men, or wild hyenas?"—cried Philip—"for shame to hunt down in such a manner an unoffending man either Jew or Gentile;" and lifting him up he assisted the poor fellow to a house near by and

ordered medical attention at once. Poor Mose' soon revived under his tender care and fortunately was not so badly injured as was supposed. "Oh! Mr. Philip it was you I was looking for and if I am going to die let me tell you my object; let me speak privately to you alone. Tomorrow Ezra Smolenski is going to inform upon you as an accomplice of the assassins of the Czar. The only clew he has is the fact that you were seen at Sofia Petrovsky's house the night before the assassination of the Czar; you remember you met me as you were coming out, and I, without thinking for a moment about it, happened to mention to him when I went home that I had seen you and how good you were



to speak so kind to me. He has since worked that up and told me today that he would inform on you tomorrow, and I would have to swear that I saw you coming from the house of Sofia Petrovsky the night before the Czar was killed and that I saw the other two conspirators go in immediately after you left. I was standing near the University tonight hoping to see you come out and I thought if I could forewarn you it might help you to save yourself, and—” just then a furious cry was heard—“to the Jew’s quarter, to the Jews quarter,” and Philip Harum rushed out telling Mose’ to stay there and keep quiet until he returned. He quickly ordered the police to advance rapidly to Ephraim Avenue in the Hebrew

quarter and hastening with all the speed he could he soon arrived at the house of the "money-lender." But the fiends had reached there before him, and he found almost every house in flames.

The mob had rushed madly on, scattering death and devastation in their way; several were killed in the defence of their home, and of the frightened women and children, and strange to say Ezra Smolenski was one of the first to fall while defending his property from the vile intruders. It is not often that we see retribution follow so closely upon the heels of the evil-doer but the death of Ezra Smolenski changed the destiny of Philip Harum and saved him from being unjustly exiled to Siberia.



There is nothing more terrifying than fire, and to see a whole hamlet burning without the slightest hope of checking it is painful to behold. The flames were swirling to and fro, high up in the air they shot forth their forked tongues with all the venom of a fiery serpent that possessed life and power for evil. The sacred Temple, the love and admiration of the people, was a sheet of fire. The "Shekina" that dwelt above the "Mercy-Seat," was sacrilegiously destroyed by the devouring flames, and as they crepitated and swirled from house to house it looked like some fiend incarnate bent upon death and destruction. Philip found Adina falling from one fainting fit to another, for her father had been seri-

ously hurt and the shock had completely unnerved her delicate frame. Leah supported her with great equanimity and with Philip's strong and loving arm she soon revived. Isaac Zarinski was in the act of defending his home when he was knocked down and trampled upon, until his money-drawers and safe were rifled of their contents, which fortunately were nearly empty as he always took the precaution to carry his gems and money up to his private apartments, and before they had time to pursue their search, the arrival of Philip and the police prevented the accomplishment of their wicked designs. The money-lender's house stood alone in a quiet little spot so far away from the others that it escaped the flames that would other-



wise have destroyed it.

Melancholy and heart-broken the good Rabbi Ben Israel flitted around alleviating the sufferers and providing a resting place for those who were rendered homeless. He took care of the remains of Ezra Smolenski and attended to the burial of all the poor creatures that had fallen victims to the ruthless rabble. Philip remained all night going from place to place and also seeing that the family of the good Rabbi was cheered in the little cottage away from all danger. When the dawn appeared there was nothing left of the pretty homes of the desolate Hebrews but a smouldering ruin. As soon as the dead bodies were properly buried according to the Jewish rites, the

Rabbi, who had taught and known Rachel Smolenski from her childhood, kindly felt it his duty to go to Berlin and break to her as delicately as possible the doleful misfortune that had befallen her.

He found her gay and happy; success had rendered her more beautiful than ever, and the kind patronage of the Baroness and the devotion of the young Count assisted him to better explain the sad finale of all their hopes in the "Jewish quarter" of St. Petersburg. Ray listened with stoical silence to the recital of their story, then succumbed to the most frantic grief as she realized the death of her beloved brother. "Ah, didn't I have a warning! why did I leave my dear brother to seek fame and



honors I should not have coveted? I knew my inner-sight was not deceiving me when I almost foresaw the events which have transpired, and yet I was lulled to rest by the happiness that encircled me; I shall never return to the home of my childhood, I felt truly when I left that I would never see it again." The Baroness and her nephew did all that the most loving friends could to pacify the turbulence of her grief. She resolved to quit the stage, to cancel her engagements, and to live the life of a devotee to the memory of her brother. After a few days' when the violence of her feelings had somewhat been assuaged, her lover with feelings of the deepest sympathy begged that she would give her consent and ere the

departure of the friend and reverend counsellor of her childhood—the good Rabbi Ben Israel—permit him to perform the solemn ceremony which would give him the right of sustaining her with his love through the dejected and sorrowful days which for some time must follow; and in the solitude of her dimly lighted boudoir with no witnesses but the family and a few intimate friends the evening before the departure of the good Rabbi he performed the sacred rite which united two devoted hearts “for better or for worse, for weal or woe.”



## CHAPTER XVIII.

At the meeting of the Assembly the next evening after the mob, Philip Harum was wild with excitement: "My friends you may call me a skeptic, an agnostic, a nihilist or what you choose, but I must abjure the faith of my fathers. I am thankful that my father—peace be to his memory—does not live to witness the scenes that have been enacted during the last twenty-four hours. It is true that he possessed a gloomy faith, but it was owing to his false teaching, which, thank Heaven was tempered by the nobility of his soul. The natural

religion he inherited from his Creator saved him, in a measure from the erroneous theology he espoused ; but had he lived today he would denounce, as I do, the wickedness and intolerance that hunted down an innocent man—only because he was a Jew—and would wilfully have murdered him. It has only had a parallel in the Roman Mob” that hooted in the streets of Jerusalem eighteen hundred years ago, “crucify him, crucify him, he is a Jew and creating sedition.”

That lovely hamlet that is now smouldering in its ashes was inhabited by an industrious, intelligent and unoffending people. They were obedient to “the laws that be,” and no nihilist or political



rebel dared express sentiments of treason within its quiet precincts.

“My friends, tonight I bid you a sorrowful farewell. I am going to expatriate myself and seek an asylum in some more human, and civilized land where the bigotry and prejudice of a half barbarous, half civilized people towards an unoffending race would never be tolerated. I will seek some far off land where the sun shines for all, where God’s broad acres will not be withheld from any race or creed or people, and where the blood of one hundred thousand murdered Jews, and the millions of stolen rubles will not be forever crying to Heaven for vengeance. I tell you my friends that the teachings of ‘Mahomet’

with the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other were more merciful and tolerant than 'Christian Russia.' It is for the protection of those I love that I am going; for myself alone I would willingly become a martyr and die upon the altar of my unhappy country. I would give forty lives if I possessed them to see Russia a free and constitutional government, where liberty of conscience, and the rights of man were tolerated. I am not a Jew but if I were I would be proud of it. The Jews have a right to feel that the God of their fathers has taken care of his chosen people in the time of their dispersion and misery.

I have wandered through the mazes of



the Talmud and culled flowers sparkling with the very dew of Eden. Figures in shining garments haunt its recesses. Prayers of deep devotion, sublime confidence and noble benediction echo in its ancient tongue, and sentiments of lofty courage, of high resolve, of infantile tenderness and far-seeing prudence fall from the lips of venerable sages. In the history of the Origin of Christianity, the Talmud has hitherto been far too much neglected." At the close of the address of Philip Harum a solemn silence prevailed and every heart-pulse beat a requiem. It was delivered in such dulcet tones and in language so mellifluous that it sounded like a "threnody" for departed hopes and buried aspirations. Then as if in accord,

the whole assembly arose, giving one long loud cheer for Philip Harum, while he quickly stole away, completely overcome by the occasion which had prompted his last farewell.



## CHAPTER XIX.

The next day when Philip Harum returned to look after poor "Mose' the peddler" he found him sitting up in an easy-chair and pronounced out of danger. It was at first feared that he had received internal injuries; but upon examination he had only been maliciously beaten without any serious consequences. Poor fellow! when he learned of the conflagration and destruction of their homes and of the death of Ezra Smolenski he wept like a child. "What will I do? he was good and kind to me; there I had a home. An' if he did want me to appear agin

you Mister Philip I wasn't going to do it, an' I thought I could save you by tellin' you about it. Poor Mister Ezra!" The simple hearted peddler could not fathom the crime of the man who had been kind to him, and he lamented his death and rejoiced over the rescue of his friend Philip in the same breath, not having the penetration to see that it was the untimely end of Ezra Smolenski that saved Philip Harum.

"Mose' you will go with me; you came near losing your life by trying to do me a favor and henceforth I shall care for you. Isaac Zarinski will give you a home for the present, and you will continue to be my body-guard." All was excitement in the Hebrew quarter; a general exodus had been



planned by Rabbi Ben Israel and Isaac Zarinski.

The wedding of Adina and Philip Harum was to take place in a few days, and then all would set out to make new homes in free America or hospitable England. The morning of the wedding Leah and several of her friends drove over to the mountain to gather those pretty little flowers, the "Edelweiss" which blooms all the winter beneath the snow.

Her father had presented her with a tiara of diamonds which he had bought long ago as a wedding gift; but Adina requested him to let her appear in no gems on this sacred occasion, but allow her to wear only the lovely "Edelweiss"

in her bridal veil. Philip Harum was a splendid specimen of an elegant, handsome Russian; tall, with light hair, large blue eyes and fresh complexion, and by the side of his dainty little bride, whose raven curls and sparkling black eyes—a perfect type of Jewish beauty—was a beautiful contrast, and they made as handsome a couple as ever took the marriage vows, and “hearts not creeds” had sealed their union. That night in her little parlor concealed by a tapestry from the suite of apartments appropriated to family use, the wedding ceremony was performed. A canopy supported by four of her young male friends was held over the bride and groom as they stood with their face towards the



East. A silver salver lay at their feet, and opposite stood the Rabbi Ben Israel with a richly bound volume in his hand. It was open and displayed letters and words of an unusual form and sound. Another friend stood near holding a goblet of sacred wine and still another was given a slight and thin Venetian glass. After a brief and solemn pause the Rabbi read or rather chanted from the book he held joined in parts by those around, then he tasted the sacred wine and passed it to the bride and groom. Adina's veil was raised for her to touch the goblet with her lips now quivering with emotion. Philip, with perfect self-control lifted the goblet to his lips; then taking the Venetian glass from the

hand of his friend he broke it on the salver at his feet and the strange and solemn rites were concluded. The good Rabbi lifted up his hands and prayed—"God of the friendless and homeless have mercy on these Thy servants joined together in Thy holy name to share the lot on earth Thy will assigns them with one heart and mind. In the land of the stranger, be Thou their shield, and save them for thy holy name." It was some moments before the excited few that were present could give their congratulations—after which Philip with his arm around Adina turned to Zarinski and said, "Father give us thy blessing."

"'Love has conquered faith,' and whither thou goest I will go; thy God shall be my



God; thy people shall be my people; where thou livest I will live; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried."

## CHAPTER XX.

The next day after the wedding found the remnant of the unfortunate Jews making ready to depart from the scenes of sorrow and devastation that had so suddenly fell upon them. All the hopes and joys of the past, the happy days they had spent in the little hamlet, where domestic bliss had shed its radiance around them had fled like a dream—a sweet vision of the past. Although the spring was far advanced the gloom of the season seemed to sympathize with the fortunes of the people. The country had not yet recovered from the shock of the



assassination of the Czar, and now that quiet little nook where love and harmony had ever dwelt was mowed down and lying a smouldering ruin; nothing but brave and pure hearts, and braver hands could have arisen Phoenix-like from the moral and financial ruin that seemed to await them. Isaac Zarinski, happy in the happiness of his child, and with characteristic sympathy for his race, spared neither pains nor money to alleviate his suffering neighbors, many of whom had lost everything they possessed in the fatal fire.

Far off in Berlin was one sad and stricken heart that was only aroused from her lethargy by accounts of her destitute people, and Ray Smolenski, now the Countess Lilienthal

exerted herself in their behalf.

When the good Rabbi Ben Israel returned after his visit of sympathy to his old favorite Countess of Lilienthal he was commissioned by the Count and Baroness Rosenthal to draw upon them for the necessary funds, so much needed to advance the exodus of their ruined people.

Thus adding another instance of the fellow-feeling and humanity of the Jewish race. The day of their departure quickly arrived and the sad farewells and partings of many that had been the founders of that little colony when in other days as painful and disastrous, they had been exiled from their home and inheritance in Poland. The refugees had determined upon different careers.



Some were banded together determined to brave the dark Atlantic and seek an asylum in that friendly land where over two hundred years before another band of "exiles moored their bark on the wild New England shore"

Philip Harum and Isaac Zarinski, accompanied by the family of Rabbi Ben Israel had settled upon hospitable England where Philip hoped to join the patriotic Herzen and aid as far as possible the progress of the "Will of the people."

## CHAPTER XXI.

In the kaleidoscope of events that had so rapidly advanced, Philp Harum had not devoted the thought and interest he would otherwise have done to his friend and kinswoman, Anna Lavinsky.

In her beautiful home at Keif, surrounded by all the luxuries that an ample fortune could produce, her heart was bleeding for her degraded countryman, and for the unmerciful treatment constantly thrust upon the Jewish race. If there had been one single excuse, one extenuating circumstance for the inhuman and unchristian



brutality towards them, a loyal nation would have vindicated its government, but no it was only the ebullition of half civilized instincts exaggerated by religious bigotry. And when she learned of the utter destruction of the pretty little hamlet in the suburbs of St. Petersburg her heart ached for the sorrow that she was well assured had fallen upon her cousin whose manly sympathies were always with suffering humanity and now whose personal interests were so nearly allied to that persecuted people. She was anxiously awaiting some news giving her an account of their final destination, but as everything was under the espionage of the police nothing but the greatest prudence could prevent even innocent women from

being dragged from their firesides to a tribunal of investigation. Thus Philip through love for his consin and devotion to his country, was obliged to leave his native land and seek a stranger's home with only a faint farewell containing a whole history "between the lines" which every one in that unhappy land had too truly learned to read.

The morning the weary wanderers departed from the docks at St. Petersburg was misty and obscure; though the sky was free from clouds there was a silvery haze that rendered the city spires and tall buildings wierd, always reminding one of stern sentinels guarding the very souls of men.

The atmospheric condition was such as



produce those gastly effects known as mirages. Partial or limited mirages are not uncommon in Russia and often the roofs and spires are lifted above the horizon giving the whole picture a weird and uncanny look. At such a time with every heart filled with gloomy forebodings it would have been strange indeed if romance and a sentimentel sadness had not held its sway. Under such circumstances and looking back at the world's history and contemplating the unwarrented persecutions of the Jews in the nineteenth century it does seem that God has sifted the nations of the earth that He might send choice grain out into the wilderness.

The morning that Philip Harum and his

party reached London was unusually clear and bright; it seemed as if they had left the fog and smoke of that great city hovering over St. Petersburg in sympathy with the gloom that overshadowed them at their departure from the home of their childhood. Their hearts were made lighter, they felt more buoyant, and hope spreading her wings once more cast an influence over their feelings that they scarcely had expected.

“Ah!” said Philip Harum, “the world is so full of such beautiful things I’m sure we shall all be as happy as kings.”

He lost no time in seeking the whereabouts of his old friend Herzen and immediately established himself in the interest of the “Will of the people,” believing with



Aristotle that neither the evening nor the  
morning star is more beautiful than justice.

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